



JULY 1940

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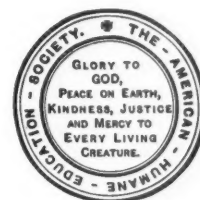
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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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July, 1940

No. 7

The United States Government has given a mile-square area at the New Jersey Naval Air Station for a game bird sanctuary—pheasants, quail, mallard ducks, Canada geese and other wild life are to find here a shelter from the shotgun and the rifle.

The five hundredth anniversary of printing is celebrated the world over. Fifteen years later the famous Gutenberg Bible appeared. There are now a thousand different languages in which the Bible may be read. No other book has ever equaled the Bible in the number of copies printed.

Our readers will be glad to know there is a Hollywood Humane Society, that Be Kind to Animals Week was observed by it, and that several leading stars, members of it, took part in the ceremonies. Accounts were made of children and others for special deeds of kindness to animals.

A rarely beautiful and instructive quarterly publication, issued by The Humane Society of Baltimore County, Maryland, has made its appearance. That Society is doing an unusually fine work for the common cause, and just to see its headquarters at Pikesville is worth far more than the journey costs.

The Royal S. P. C. A. (London) learns through the Finnish Ministry of Defence that there are some 12,000 wounded and sick horses in that heroic war-stricken little country that are requiring veterinary aid. How many other victims of the animal world of that ruthless assault upon Finland, no man can say.

We know nothing about the film "Virginia City," except what we have read. The *Humane News*, published by the State Humane Association, California, says, however, that no actual cruelty to animals occurred in making the picture. "No actual cruelty"; we hope that means not even the semblance of cruelty.

Two of Many Letters

From a Chicago School Teacher

Dear Dr. Rowley:

I should like to take this opportunity to personally thank you for the splendid humane education services being afforded the children of our Chicago public schools through your Society. As the teacher of one of the groups that entered your recent humane education contest, I know that it was an excellent stimulus and an inspiration for creative English work as well as direction of serious thought and attention to the humane work itself.

How happy four of the youngsters in my room were to receive their lovely camera prizes and honorable mention certificates! Surely you must derive great enjoyment from your work when you spread so much happiness and good!

For all of these services—the contest, the good literature and magazines, and your representative's enjoyable talks and visits, we all (pupils and teacher alike) wish to thank you.

My pupils join me in sending every good wish for the furtherance of this work and its success.

May 27, 1940

From Our Worker in a Large Group of Colored Schools in the South

My dear Dr. Rowley:

I have been speaking in many of the schools and have already been given a place in the closing exercises of as many as I shall be able to reach. Many of the children have bird-houses in their yards at home and are studying the birds. Some of the schools have bird-houses on their grounds. The children see now as never before what birds mean for us all. They say that they do not now rob their nests.

Next month at Hampton I am having a humane exhibit in connection with the summer school for teachers and shall be reaching many sections of our country.

May 27, 1940

The U. F. A. W.

THE United States is not the only country in the world where the alphabet is being given unusual prominence in public affairs. The U. F. A. W. stands for what? The Universities' Federation for Animal Welfare.

This movement, starting thirteen years ago as The U. L. A. W. S. (The University of London Animal Welfare Society), has at last realized its early ambition and has been extended from London to Oxford and Cambridge. Eventually it is hoped to include all British universities in the Federation, and those of foreign countries as well.

This great cause of animal welfare, recognized in England's universities, and, as hoped, finding a place in other centers of higher education, is one of the outstanding evidences of the growth of the humane movement throughout the world.

The new publication of The Universities' Federation for Animal Welfare, known as the *UFAW Quarterly Journal*, is a valuable contribution to the literature dealing with humane organizations. We take from it the following paragraph:

"It would not be appropriate to its special character as a University organization if UFAW failed to take advantage of its unique opportunities of co-operating with scientists who are mindful of the needs and rights of animals. The contents of the five volumes of the Animal Year Book show not only the success with which this policy has been pursued in the past, but that a large number of men and women, in various fields of scientific research, is fully alive and sympathetic to the aims and objects of the Federation."

Someone in the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* tells us that all dogs are color-blind. Even this is said of the Seeing-Eye dogs. They cannot distinguish between the red and green, yet can tell the difference in color by gradations of shade. The red stop-light does mean "stop" for them and the green means "go."

The Homeless and Voiceless

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

*In all the crushed and war-racked lands
They wander, frightened and forlorn,
Bereft of warm and friendly hands,
From all they loved, who loved them, torn.*

*Oh, piteous questing, when the hearts
They trusted since they drew their breath,
So tender of their slightest smarts,
Are hailed afar—or cold in death!*

*Thou who dost heed the sparrow's fall,
Oh, make these agonies to cease;
Still these lone hearts that mutely call
Since only death can give them peace.*

*There must be heavenly recompense,
Aye, even for "the least of these,"
Beyond the bounds of time and sense,
Beyond war's baffling agonies!*

Nature Did It First

Man's Instruments and Methods of Warfare
Represented in the Seas

EWEN K. PATTERSON

THE old adage, "There's nothing new under the sun," is well illustrated by the fact that in the seas are many creatures that have long used the instruments and methods of warfare which modern man regards as his own peculiar creations. For instance, smoke-screens, barbed-wire entanglements, bayonets, torpedoes, bombs, poisoned stilettos, camouflage, and even anti-aircraft guns have all been represented in the seas (in underlying principles, at any rate) for millions of years—long before man had begun to fabricate his first weapons from flint and stone, before he had even begun to exist.

Smoke-screens, which modern armies put up by means of tanks on land and warships at sea, are used by various sea-creatures, the most widely-known precursor of the idea being the cuttle-fish. When disturbed it emits a black fluid which provides a smoke-screen under cover of which it escapes from its enemies.

Barbed-wire entanglements, with which modern armies protect their trenches, are also employed in the sea—by the cotton-fish, a large, purplish-black *beche-de-mer* of the Pacific. When disturbed it invariably saves itself with "barbed-wire entanglement," a mass of whitish material, like tangled threads of cotton, ejected from the mouth. This mass is an assemblage of thin tubes from the creature's internal organs; the tubes are sticky; they swell out into a tangled, floating skein upon contact with the water, and the attacker (fish, crab, or lobster) invariably becomes enmeshed within the threads to be rendered helpless for a time. Meanwhile, the cotton-fish makes good its escape and goes into hiding to regrow the whole of its internals in proper functioning order.

Anti-aircraft guns have been evolved by modern armies to deal with enemies in the sky. On the same principle, but to obtain food, the archer-fish shoots spurts of water to bring down flies and other insect prey, indulging in flying shots with most accurate results.



MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN BANFF NATIONAL PARK, CANADA

The sea also has its bomb-thrower—a giant deep-sea prawn of the Pacific. When attacked by an enemy it releases a "bomb," a spot of substance from a gland near the head, and on touching the water this bursts into a strong white light, which so blinds the enemy that the prawn is able to escape.

No man-made bayonet could be better constructed or more effectual than the powerful, spear-like sword of the marlin swordfish. Its long, hard-bone "bayonet" is a formidable weapon that has been known to penetrate the hull of a ship to a depth of 27 inches, passing through two inches of metal and nine inches of solid wood. Only at about the beginning of this century did man develop the streamlined modern torpedo, imitating the body of the swordfish. It is Nature's finest example of streamlining—a perfect torpedo, attaining a speed that no man has yet been able to compute, but which must exceed 100 miles per hour.

Camouflage also plays an important part in modern warfare. Gun emplacements and aeroplane hangars are covered with branches, etc., so as to be indistinguishable from the air, while battleships are painted in such a manner that it is difficult to tell in which direction they are going. Similarly many sea-creatures dress themselves so as to be in complete harmony with their surroundings, and thus deceive their enemies.

Portable electric batteries, other articles essential in the conduct of a war, are also represented in the sea, where there are several electric fish, which not only grow their own "batteries," but are able to recharge them in some mysterious manner.

The well-known hermit crab also literally presents the extraordinary spectacle of a heavily-armed soldier with a sentry-box upon its back, while the seas also contain several experts in the infernal employment of the poisoned stiletto—fish equipped with poisonous spines.

Last, but not least, is the sea-gull. Modern aeroplanes are generally built with retractable carriage, drawing up the wheels when flying, to reduce air resistance. Sea-gulls, however, have always retracted their feet on precisely the same principle—another example of Nature beating man.

Mountaineer Immigrants

W. J. BANKS

THE mountains of northern New Mexico have three new inhabitants in a trio of Rocky Mountain sheep which were shipped from Banff National Park in Alberta. The Canadian immigrants are expected to help restock a district wherein the Bighorn sheep were plentiful at one time, but were killed off through the ruthlessness of hunters whose one thought was to excel each other in bringing home majestic trophies of the chase.

Rocky Mountain sheep, as well as bison and other dwellers of the northwest, have been shipped by Canada's national parks to many parts of the world where conservation efforts have had less success. The sheep are caught for transport by means of box traps designed not to injure the temporary captives. Many of the sheep are used to seeing tourists and rangers in the national parks, and are half tame though as free as the wind to roam at will in their lofty pastures.

It is to be hoped that New Mexico's restocking venture is a success and that huntsmen will not be allowed again to decimate the ranks of these dwellers in the mountain tops. There is no more noble sight in nature than a graceful Bighorn ram in his home environment, and the trophy of the camera hunter is much more satisfying than that of the gun-toter.

It will probably ere long be recognized that even from a selfish point of view, killing animals is not the way to get the greatest enjoyment from them. How much more interesting would every walk in the country be, if Man would but treat other animals with kindness, so that they might approach us without fear, and we might have the constant pleasure of watching their winning ways. Their origin and history, structure and habits, senses and intelligence, offer an endless field of interest and wonder.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, 1887

Join the Jack London Club and help stop cruelty to animals on stage and screen.

The Sea Gull

MARY WILDER PEASE

*He knows the ways of winds and ships,
The pools where fishes hide;
The place to build his scanty nest
Above the rising tide.*

*He knows the strength of his two wings,
More beautiful by far
Than any sail our eyes can trace
Beyond the harbor bar.*

*He knows that he can ride a wave
And on its silvery crest
Remain secure as lark or wren
Upon a feathered nest.*

*He knows that for his daily food
He has a debt to pay,
And so with thousands of his kin
He tidies up the bay.*

Quail sometimes throw straw or grass on their backs to hide under in times of possible danger.

Falcons, eagles and other high-flying birds seek the cool upper regions when the weather is hot down below.

The carnivora are said to be not only more pugnacious, but more intelligent than the herbivorous mammalia.

Apes, if possible, carry away their wounded or dead, and have been seen to apply poultices made of leaves, to stop bleeding.



HARMLESS PLANES OF SKY AND SEA

Barn Swallows Live Above the Light

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author

WE are fortunate in our choice of a milkman, feel kindly toward him and think of him often. Why? Because he has barn swallows nesting in his barn. We are sure of two things in regard to him: he is kind to and loves his animals and the birds; and he keeps his barn clean and has less insects about than he surely would, did he not encourage the birds to nest where they do.

He knew of my interest in birds and told me a pair of barn swallows was nesting above an electric-light socket over the broad driveway that runs the length of the stable, between two long rows of sleek cows.

I paid him a visit to secure pictures of the nest, the young birds it held, and, perhaps, the adult birds. In a roomy box stall, only a few feet from the nest, were three Guernsey heifers. They were sisters, the same size, and looked almost exactly alike. They were, in fact, triplets, something quite unusual in the bovine world.

The young swallows were quite large. Soon they would be leaving their safe, snug cradle above the light socket. I set the tripod and camera on the barn floor and waited, hoping the parent birds would visit the nest and enable me to get a picture of them. This they were reluctant to do, though they frequently entered the wide-open west door, circled about, chattered, scolded, no doubt because they saw I was a stranger. Then, too, I was not sitting quietly beside a cow, milking, or doing any of the other things they were accustomed to seeing folks doing. They alighted upon the electric wires, two or three feet from the nest, or a crosspiece near the ceiling, lowered their heads the better to see what was going on, then flew away again. No, though I waited a long time, I was obliged to take a picture of the nest and young birds and be satisfied with that.

The barn swallow is about seven inches in length and easily recognized by its deeply forked tail which is brightened with white. It is steel-blue above and has a chestnut forehead and throat.

Barn swallows formerly nested in caves and other similar places, but now they build about barns, sheds and other buildings. I once found several pairs nesting about the beams and rafters of some old, dilapidated box cars that stood year in, year out on a long railroad siding just outside the city limits of a city of half a million inhabitants.

The barn swallow is a wonderful flyer and it is a pleasure to watch it when it is on the wing, as it nearly always is when you see it. It often turns abruptly, shooting off at an angle perhaps, dips grace-



THE NEST AND YOUNG OF BARN SWALLOWS ABOVE ELECTRIC-LIGHT SOCKET

fully and flies near the ground when crossing valleys and other depressions but rises sharply when across and confronted by the opposite slopes. It arrives from its winter haunts about the middle of April and remains until September.

Barn swallows are not as gregarious as bank and cliff swallows, which usually nest in colonies, but are more like the white-breasted tree swallows, which usually are found a pair here, another there when nesting. In the spring, when migrating, one also is likely to see a lone bird flying northward, not a flock; although, when nesting cares are over, they congregate in flocks, perch in long rows on wires and roost in a marsh or piece of woods.

The nests are bracket-shaped and made of mud pellets. They are anchored to beams and rafters and often are located where they have some support from below, like the electric-light socket shown in the photograph. A new nest looks dark and wet like that of the cliff swallow, though it soon dries out and makes a snug cradle when lined with soft feathers. The bird looks small and awkward when on the ground gathering mud and grass for its nest, but is the poetry of motion when on the wing. The eggs are white, spotted with brown.

Like its useful relatives, practically all the food of the barn swallow consists of insects. The United States Department of Agriculture examined the contents of 467 stomachs and found that about 16 per cent of it consisted of beetles, 10 per cent, ants; 13 per cent, bees and wasps; 15 per cent, bugs; and 40 per cent, flies. In March, flies make up 82 per cent of the food. Like the cliff swallow, this bird does not take many moths, butterflies, crickets and grasshoppers.

The Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

Dr. G. B. SCHNELLE of the ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

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BUILT as a memorial to that great humanitarian, George Thorndike Angell, the building which bears his name was opened to the public in Boston in February, 1915, to serve as headquarters for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society; to house a clinic principally for horses; to hospitalize city pets and to provide ambulance service for the many horses which were stricken on the streets in those days. Under the guidance of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, who has served as president of both societies from that day to this, the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital has kept pace with the changing times by modernizing both the internal structure and the service which the institution renders.

Equipment and Staff

Some of the features of the hospital are: an isolated distemper ward on the third floor of the building, which will care for 45 dogs; a bird room for both monkeys and birds; four large wards devoted entirely to cats; operating rooms for both large and small animals; separate wards for mange and rabies cases, and a ward for stray animals. The hospital will accommodate 67 cats, 21 horses or other large animals, and has ten wards for dogs, including isolation wards for infectious skin diseases and rabies. There are cages for 211 dogs which are medical or surgical patients. No animals are admitted for boarding.

There is a diagnostic laboratory with a



THE ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL AT 180 LONGWOOD AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

veterinarian in charge, where routine physical, chemical and bacteriological tests are made. In this room is a monel metal autopsy table which has forced ventilation and running hot and cold water. Autopsies are performed whenever permitted by the client, provided it is expected that something can thus be learned. Histopathological studies of biopsy or autopsy material are made by pathologists connected with the neighboring Harvard Medical School when such microscopic examination would be of present or future clinical value.

There are seven veterinarians who devote their full time to the hospital in Boston and two who staff a branch in Springfield, Massachusetts. The veterinarians have no

private practice and do not visit patients outside the hospital.

Functions

The benevolent guidance of President Rowley has been to the end that the hospital shall give only the best of veterinary service to anyone who asks for it, whether he is able to pay all, only part, or none of the costs of the service. This rule applies to operations, special services and hospitalization, as well as to the clinic. Judgment is left entirely to the veterinarian in charge of the case as to what part of the cost is to be borne by the owner of the animal. Twenty-five years of operation and growth of this charitable institution have given convincing evidence of the soundness of this procedure against that of the entirely free clinic. There is evidence to support the accusation that many such free clinics are "pill" clinics, in which only the cheapest of therapeutic measures are used, that animals are "herded" through, and that clients able to pay are promptly singled out and sent to the veterinarian's own private office for his personal gain.

Another function of the hospital is to render ambulance service and medical or surgical care to any animal injured on the street. These and other stray animals found by the police or by private citizens are called for by the hospital ambulance, given all necessary medical or surgical attention and held a sufficient time to allow the owners to reclaim them. If not called for, an attempt is made to place the stray in a suitable home, provided the veterinarian in charge of the department deems the animal suitable for adoption. The hospital is not the city pound and receives no financial aid from the city, state, or from the Community Fund for the care which it renders injured or other stray animals. The annual deficit of the hospital proper averages more



THE HOWARD A. CROSSMAN MEMORIAL DIAGNOSTIC LABORATORY



THE EXAMINATION ROOM

than \$1 for each animal examined. This deficit is made up from funds of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Relationship to Veterinarians and Veterinary Practice

Considered abstractly, many veterinarians must feel that this huge veterinary institution, which handles over 40,000 cases annually, must take a great deal of practice away from local veterinarians. Specific contradiction of this theory is offered by the fact that there has been an 80 per cent increase in the number of practitioners in Metropolitan Boston in the past twelve years, while the population has increased only slightly. These veterinarians are all recent graduates and do small-animal work primarily. Explanation of this phenomenon must lie in the fact that the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society spend thousands of dollars yearly in educating people in kindness to, and care of, animals.

The very presence of this imposing struc-

ture on Longwood Avenue—within one of the country's largest medical centers, and dedicated to man's humanity to man and animals—constantly reminds all who see it to give proper care to their animals. The very creeds of the twin humane societies are such that persons are constantly reminded by their teachings to seek veterinary advice for their ailing animals, and to practice preventive measures for those in good health. It is undoubtedly true that the indifferent or incompetent veterinarian finds the hospital a great competitor—and may such always be the case! However, he would also blame his more competent colleagues were there no Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Of course, the widespread disappearance of the horse has greatly decreased the private practice of the city veterinarian.

Critics of the institution often fail to consider that it gives a living to the veterinarians which it employs, who are practicing their calling and who doubtless would be competition whether or not the hospital existed.

Service to Veterinary Medicine

As an institution devoted to medical and surgical care of animals for the animal's sake, the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital is in the enviable position of being free from political domination; and with sufficient subsidy to allow its staff to develop and improve certain phases of clinical medicine free from the specter of healing animals with a motive of profit. In keeping with the aims of the parent body on humane education, medical or surgical innovations evolved or perfected by the hospital staff are given freely to the profession at meetings and clinics and through the veterinary literature.

There is a constant stream of telephone inquiries for veterinary aid which are referred to competent local practitioners, with

the feeling that in this way the animal may be aided in the best manner. In turn, veterinarians throughout New England feel free to refer to the hospital, animals for fracture, treatment, diagnosis, or special surgery in which staff members have acquired special proficiency.

A Mare at Springtime

E. R. GRANTHAM

Her hoofs clipped the soft and springing turf,

Her breath stirred the gentle, fragrant air,

Her tail flicked the plunging, frothing surf.
Oh, she was a mad and drunken mare!

Her dark eyes mirrored the dawning sun,
Her sides rubbed the bark of the green young trees,

She circled the fields at a breathless run,
And her long mane tossed on the flowing breeze.

She neighed to a distant, sparkling star,
Her slim legs ached to stride the moon.
In her dreams she pulled Phoebus' golden car

Across the skies in the dazzling noon.

But a long-legged foal with a fuzzy tail
Who galloped the pasture in childish play,
And rattled the oats in a broken pail
Stole her giddy dreams and her heart away.

The Old Horses' Home

EDNA TRADEWELL

I SPENT my vacation at the ranch home of Kate and Dan Long. The Longs lived prosperously quite in contrast to their less successful neighbors. They drove me on a tour of their ten ranches, showing what to me were many things of interest as the city had always been my home.

We stopped by a large fenced-in field. Dan got out of the car, followed by Kate and me. He leaned pensively on a fence-post. I saw nothing unusual save a few horses, scattered here and there.

"This is the old horses' home," Kate smiled.

"Look at old 'Rego,'" Dan pointed. "I used to go to see Kate, before we were married, with Rego. Fine horse. Remember the buggy, Kate, and the robe with the big red poinsettias in it?" he mused.

"This is the way I figure," he went on. "They served me well and they merit the last years of their life in the freedom of the field, on good feed, without having to work."

As we drove on to the next ranch, the old horses' home lingered in my mind. I was wondering if there wasn't a subtle connection between Dan Long's mercy for his animals and his unusual number of loyal friends, his prosperity even through the depression, and his thorough happiness and well-being.



THE OPERATING ROOM

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JULY, 1940

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-two lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The Society's Rest Farm

ONLY those of our readers who have visited our Rest Farm for Horses and Shelter for Small Animals, at Methuen, can appreciate the service that is rendered there. The horses of many a poor owner, tired and needing rest, can find it there, either at very little expense to its owner or, where necessary, at no cost to him at all. There too an "old favorite" may be pensioned by its owner for as long as he desires to have it cared for.

In addition, the ambulance in connection with the Farm picks up lost and stray animals during the year; for example, in 1939, the number was 1,756 animals.

In its very attractive cemetery there are already something like 1,200 small animals buried.

War Horses for France

From the Women's Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals we have received information with regard to the horses that, up to May 11, had been shipped from Philadelphia to France. Destinations, it seems, were Bordeaux and Marseilles. The number of animals shipped amounted to 4,105 horses and 596 mules—total, 4,701.

From the United States Bureau of Animal Industry we have received word, since the above was written, that 904 horses and 170 mules have been shipped from other ports than Philadelphia during the present fiscal year.

"Please Give Me a Home"

She was only a cheerful-looking little mongrel. Tied to her collar was a note: "Please, won't somebody give me a home? My master can no longer afford to feed me." Fortunately, "Peggy," so they call her, fell almost at once into the hands of Miss Florence Townsend, president of the San Bernardino Humane Society, and word has gone out to her master, if he can be found, that the Society will gladly provide food for her in the future if he will come and get her. She gave every evidence of having been well cared for. The note was soiled and tattered, but it told its story.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for April — 30 Days

Daily average large animals	50.7	
Forage for same		\$ 25.68
Put to sleep	9	1.60
Transportation		1.08
Daily average dogs	6.1	
Forage for same		2.36
Wages, grooms, watchmen, etc.		61.64
Superintendent's salary		100.00
Veterinaries' salaries		18.95
Motor ambulance upkeep		3.51
Motor bicycles upkeep		0.30
Sundries		31.56

Actual operating expenses \$246.68

Entries: 6 horses, 18 mules, 53 donkeys.
Exits: 6 horses, 11 mules, 52 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 149 horses, 57 mules, 32 donkeys, 5 dogs.

Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native fondouks.
SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: Cases investigated, 377; animals seen, 6,713; animals treated, 663; animals hospitalized by us from above, 49; pack-saddles (infected) destroyed, 28; Arab bits destroyed, 19; transported in motor ambulance, 11; sent by Police Dept., 14.

One Day's Work

THURSDAY, 18th. 7.30 A.M. Usual work. Two men inspecting Souk el Khemis. Bringing in 2 mules, destroying 1 infected pack-saddle. At the request of Commissariat de Police, Ville Nouvelle, sent ambulance to transport a donkey brought to Commissariat by a French woman and slightly wounded on withers by a needle. 1 P.M. to 3 P.M. went myself to Bab Guisqa inspection. Many animals in native fondouks. Sent 6 donkeys and one mule to Hospital (two donkeys in a bad condition and very lame transported in ambulance). Destroyed one Arab bit. Men cleaning grounds, and from 5 P.M. to 6 P.M. cleaning motor ambulance. Animals in Hospital: 50.

G. DELON, Superintendent

The Goats Are Safe

The much-discussed destruction of a flock of harmless goats in the name of scientific warfare—Heaven save the mark—is over. The innocent goats never knew that anything unusual had happened. Army medical officers said apparently not a single goat experienced an extra heartbeat. The goat, on the occasion, turned out to be Mr. Barlow himself.

We hope in the next issue of our magazine to show the photograph of one of our large wards in which have been installed, so far as we know, the finest and most sanitary glass kennels for dogs, the hope being that ultimately all the wards may be so equipped.

We are also now re-arranging the waiting-room of the Hospital to eliminate as far as possible any contact that dogs brought to the Hospital may have one with the other.

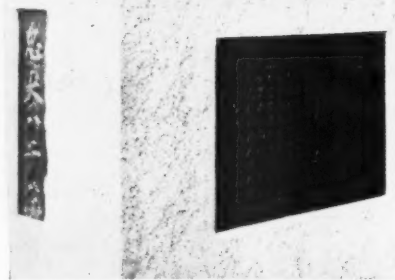
Seeing a report that a million dollars was being raised to export to America pedigreed horses, dogs and other animal refugees from war regions, we telegraphed to the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington asking if they had any knowledge of this plan. A reply says, "We have no knowledge of funds being sought to defray cost importing animals from belligerent countries."

We wonder what ground there is for this report.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

From a Visitor to Japan

THE Honorable Percival P. Baxter, formerly governor of Maine, recently returned from Japan, tells us that he learned that "each year the poultry dealers in Tokyo have a large gathering which they all attend, as a memorial service for the hens, geese and other poultry that are annually slaughtered by them in that city. The dealers go to a shrine and have quite a service, attended by large numbers of people."



MONUMENT TO "HACHIKO"

He also tells us the story about "Hachiko," the faithful Japanese dog, and sends us the picture of his monument which we reproduce here.

Governor Baxter also included a clipping from the *Japanese Times*, which states that on a Sunday in April, this year, the entire nation paid tribute to the gallant deeds of horses on the Chinese fronts. It seems there was a parade of more than 1,000 horses, and the parade was participated in by all army divisions of Tokyo.

Beware the Thieves!

That there are men, and sometimes women, who are stealing both dogs and cats—sometimes buying them and then selling them for experimental purposes—is well-known among humane workers. To discover these people and punish them for their thievery is almost impossible, although occasionally one of them is caught and punished. Those who prize the friendship and companionship of their household pets should give them every possible protection from these conscienceless dealers in small animals.

The sixty-fourth annual meeting of the American Humane Association will be held in Omaha, Nebraska, from Monday, Sept. 23, to Friday, Sept. 27, 1940. The convention headquarters will be at Hotel Paxton.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell, Incorporated March, 1868

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W. W. HASWELL, *Superintendent*

Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.
Boston, 170-184 Longwood Avenue
Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street
Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road
Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue
Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville
Wenham, Cherry Street

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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Ch. Work Com. First Friday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. MORTON B. MINER, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT F. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF MASS. S. P. C. A.

Miles traveled by humane officers . . .	18,053
Cases investigated	448
Animals examined	3,381
Animals placed in homes	229
Lost animals restored to owners . . .	60
Number of prosecutions	1
Number of convictions	1
Horses taken from work	14
Horses humanely put to sleep . . .	38
Small animals humanely put to sleep .	2,649
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	46,799
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	53

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Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355
53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MAY

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	767
Cases entered in Dispensary	1,857
Operations	377

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	176
Cases entered in Dispensary	471
Operations	154

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	70
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Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	182,883
Dispensary Cases	459,527
Total	642,410

Holyoke Branch, Mass S. P. C. A.

STEADY progress is being made by the newly organized Holyoke Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., according to the report of the president, Mrs. Aaron C. Bagg, for the period from May 12, 1939, when the Animal Shelter was opened at 14 Railroad Square, to May 1, 1940. During that period 1,900 animals were handled, homes having been found for the more desirable dogs and cats and the injured and less desirable having been humanely put to sleep. The Holyoke Fire and Police Departments have been most helpful in rescuing dogs from the river and canals.

Arthur P. Allair has been appointed by President Rowley as local investigating agent for Holyoke and vicinity.

Humane education is receiving special attention by the Branch. In April a Junior Chapter of the Mass. S. P. C. A. was started in the Springdale school where children of the fifth and sixth grades held a splendid exhibit of animal welfare. Pupils in all the sixth grades of the public schools made animal posters. All this work was done under the authorization and direction of Superintendent of Schools, William R. Peck.

Membership in the Branch is growing steadily. Two fine meetings were held during the year, a feature being the social hour. The next one will be at the Y. M. C. A. on October 9, at 8 o'clock.

June Day Festivities

Annual Outdoor Gathering of Springfield Women's Auxiliary of Mass. S. P. C. A.

MORE than 500 women attended the gala June Day celebration of the Women's Auxiliary, Springfield Branch, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., held on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Allison on Longmeadow Street, Longmeadow, Tuesday, June 4.

There were two outstanding features—the bridge with more than 100 tables in action, and the fascinating style show. The latter took place on a long parade platform erected for the occasion. It was held under the direction of Mrs. M. F. Peterson. Among the models were Miss Constance Hatt, Miss Mary Jo Gould, Miss Barbara Sidd, Mrs. Irving R. Shaw, Mrs. Frank W. Winslow, Mrs. John V. Boyle, Mrs. William A. Sidd, Mrs. Harvey Preston, Mrs. H. O. Popham, Miss Ann Schlisenger and Miss Audrey Garnett. An innovation was the appearance of several three-year-old and slightly older children with apparel for the very younger set. They were Emily Blunt, Bobby Sauers, and Carolyn and Alan Weymouth.

Mrs. Walter J. DuBon and Mrs. Stuart M. Robson were in charge of the dessert bridge, the tables for which were placed near the style show area. The prizes were arranged by Mrs. A. J. Guffanti. There were a cake table, punch table, and booth for the sale of bird-houses. Mrs. Harold B. Adams was in charge of the special features, Mrs. Harold D. Stickney of the punch, while the bird-house sale was in the hands of Mrs. Donald McAlister, Mrs. Harold S. Treworgy and Mrs. Charlena B. Kibbe. Other committee chairmen were Mrs. Grace Whitney, music, and Mrs. Harry B. Ellis, fortunes.

Mrs. Charles S. Vining directed the table appointments, assisted by Mrs. Rollin D. Keeney, Mrs. John N. Larson, Miss Ruth Oldfield, Mrs. Walter J. DuBon, Mrs. John D. Kaps, and Mrs. Michael Kavanaugh.

Great credit is due to Mrs. Morton B. Miner, president of the Auxiliary, and Mrs. Carlton H. Garinger, chairman of the day, for the marked success of this outstanding social event.

Making Friends with Birds

An article in the *Bulletin* of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, entitled "Attract Birds with Food Plants," says, "For summer and early autumn the Tatarian honeysuckle, buckthorn, mulberry, gray dogwood and red osier should be planted; for late autumn and winter, the arrowwood, black alder, mountain ash, flowering crab and Japanese barberry."

It also speaks of the usefulness of certain trees for the summer and autumn birds—among these the oaks, hackberry, sassafras, American elm, white ash and cherry. The wild cherries are more popular with birds than the cultivated varieties, although they should not be planted where livestock may reach them as their leaves often prove poisonous to animals.

These are only a few of the plants and trees so useful in attracting birds to one's home.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
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Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Field Lecturer in Massachusetts
Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR MAY, 1940

Number of Bands of Mercy formed,	221
Number of addresses made,	175
Number of persons in audiences,	27,775

For Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

Humane Hints for Summer

HENRY H. GRAHAM

EACH summer thousands of dogs, cats and other animals accompany their masters on motor vacations. In general, such creatures are well-treated, but sometimes inadvertently they are made to suffer.

One of the greatest hazards they have to face is the heat of the warm car. Sometimes they are left locked in an automobile for quite a length of time. If this sort of thing is done a window of the car should be left partly open to assure plenty of fresh air. Tightly-closed cars get like ovens in hot summer-weather and animals suffer acutely when imprisoned therein. Most animals are accustomed to fresh air, they roam where they choose. It is not natural for them to be inclosed in a stuffy place.

Traveling sometimes puts the physical machine of animals out of order just as it does that of human beings. It pays to watch the health of pets closely on trips. Different water and different food often cause digestive upsets. In severe cases a good veterinary surgeon should by all means be consulted. Usually such an expert can quickly restore the ailing creature to health.

Another thing the motorist should do is watch out for animals and birds in the road. The danger is particularly grave in game preserves and other forested areas. Deer sometimes congregate at bends in highways and cannot be seen except from a short distance. Slow driving not only enables the tourist to see more of the country but is much safer for wild and domestic life. Many animals are killed each year by speeding autos. Sheep and cattle sometimes are found on western roads. This is permitted by range law. It pays to drive slowly and keep alert at all times.

Training a Baby Elephant

This is what I saw at a southwest of England circus and it is six years ago only. The trainer was a white man, his two assistants were colored men. The elephant had a rope tied to each leg, near the ankle. A brazier with red hot coke stood near, and a pair of pincers. In the brazier, too, were thin metal rods, heating. When the elephant did not do what it was ordered, one of these hot rods was applied to the inside of its trunk, where the skin is very tender. To make it lift up its feet at the word of command a red hot cinder was placed under the foot, so that it stamped and quickly raised its foot again. It was prodded at the back of the ears with a stick in the end of which was a very fine, very sharp spike. From time to time the ropes round its legs were jerked so that it fell, this was to teach it to lie down when told to do so. To make it rear up its hind legs and swing them on to a low cask a hot iron was applied to the underside of the root of the tail. This was what made the poor little beast scream to such an extent that I waded in, and turned my attention to the trainer.

The trainer was in a state of absolute fury with the animal all the time.

MISS NAOMI JACOB in leaflet published by Our Dumb Friends' League, London

Our Dumb Animals in the Field of Finance

C. M. JEFFERSON

ANIMALS have an interesting banking system with saving accounts that run pretty steep. Instead of conveying currency Nature's children make food deposits. Their banking institutions are usually situated just outside our residential sections. Just let the bleak stay-in-doors weather set in and you may rest assured that the denizens of nature are quite prepared for it.

Out in the woods the trunk of a pine tree will look as though covered with brass nails. These are mostly beechnuts which the red-headed woodpecker has safely deposited. He uses white oak trees for his acorns. The strong bill of the woodpecker drives some of the nuts into the cracks of trees. Nuts are slipped under the bark in other trees. Like a very crafty banker this bird does not put all his investments in the same institution. He mixes grains of corn with nuts and drives them in railroad ties, also in the cracks between roof shingles. Broken fences, too, offer a safe depository.

If your eyes are quick enough they may glimpse one of Mother Nature's smallest animals scurrying through the thickets or a bushy dell. It will be the dormouse saving for that rainy day. In the summer and fall it lays up the winter store of acorns, beech-mast, corn, young hazel nuts, etc. The dormouse is a good liver. It feeds well in the summer and becomes extremely fat. When winter comes it prepares a special nest, coils itself up into a ball with tail over head and back and becomes completely dormant. If winter offers a mild day, dormouse will awaken, eat a fresh supply of its stored food and fall back into slumber. It will awaken in spring, much thinner, however, and resume its former habits. The dormouse does most of its work at night.

Another thrifty little group is represented by the red squirrel. Before day-break these industrious denizens are gnawing at stems of unripe hickory nuts. The hollow of an old tree trunk is the banking vault for almost a bushel of the nuts. The thriftiness of the ant need only be mentioned to impress Benjamin Franklin's philosophy on our minds: "Save young man to become respectable and respected. It's the quickest and surest way." Nor can we fail to pass unnoticed the bee with its highly organized system.

Can we evade the impression that man's success is imminent if he studies the birds and children of the fields to see how they grow? How very timely are the words of Sir John Lubbock when he lauds our dumb animals in the following:

"Watch their habits . . . understand their relations to one another . . . study their instincts and intelligence . . . ascertain their adaptations and their relations to the forces of nature."

May we not truthfully concede that animals have a firm grasp on social security?

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

Clara's Cat

WILLIAM PLUMER FOWLER

*When Clara is not here, she leaves her cat
For us to love when she is far away—
For us to feed, to stroke, or gently pat,
As she herself would do, could she but stay;
Her soft-furred animal of white and gray,
With orbs of beryl, luminous at night,
The time he likes to roam,—although by
day*

*He finds in quiet sleep his chief delight,
Or purrs contentedly with all his might
Upon a quilt the color of his eyes—
Or stretches slowly in the sun's warm light,
And cleans himself with zeal that mortifies
The neatest housewife, with her mop and
broom,—*

And goes to sleep again, in Clara's room.

A True Story

M. H. MORGAN

A long time ago a Rev. Dr. Thomas established what he called "The People's Church" in the old McVicker's Theater, Chicago, where services were held every Sunday morning. On one of these occasions he had arranged for the blessing of children, as Christ blessed them. Accordingly mothers had brought their little ones, and as fast as they were presented Dr. Thomas took them in his arms and prayed that the blessings of the Father might rest upon them, guarding them in times of danger, and clearing the path before them.

The old house cat of the theater watched for a while, and then, apparently noticing that other mothers were bringing their children to this man, for some reason, she actually went to her den under the stage, and returned with half a dozen tiny kittens following her. Soberly they filed across the platform, watched gleefully by the audience and the kindly eyes of Dr. Thomas. They formed a diminishing semicircle at the feet of the Reverend, where they received a caress and a brief word of praise. It is not to be assumed, of course, that the cat had the least idea what was transpiring, but whatever it was, her mother love desired her own to participate in it.



"JOSEPH," "PATCH," AND "DITTO," PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH IN RECENT CONTEST OF PENNSYLVANIA S. P. C. A.

By Mrs. Gene Gibson, Upper Darby, Pa.

Fannie Hurst and Her Pets

IRVING SHERMAN

FROM coast to coast, the cry is out. "What have you got? Is it a tiger, a lion, a monkey or a dog? Send it to Fannie Hurst." She'll welcome the gift, and she'll find a place for the animal in a collection that, some aver, approaches the stature of a zoo.

Miss Hurst has been "that way" about animals ever since she can remember. A dog was responsible for her quitting college before taking her degree. Rather than forego a Scottie's company, she abandoned Aristotle and Keats, and, although Alma Mater subsequently claimed her again, it was necessity not reconsideration that changed her mind.

The keys of Miss Hurst's typewriter fly; the writer is soon lost to her surroundings; but an audience remains. Out on a terrace of an apartment in the Hotel des Artists, in New York, "Appassionata," the lion marmoset, is making eyes at "Anitra's Dance," the high-steppin', platinum-blond, Persian cat. "Lummox II," a Yorkshire terrier, contemplates, with inveterate impishness, the possibilities of a raid on two imperturbable turtles; while chained, but formidable enough, two tiger cubs ogle keenly the dazzling transparency of a pair of strutting cockatoos. Perched high, like muezzin who somehow cannot remember the summoning prayer, a Capuchin monkey wonders why he always has to start fun himself if he wants any.

The epic of the wild duck deserves a paragraph by itself. A certain radio comedian might have taken a few lessons from Miss Hurst in the art of being persuasive.

First there was the bathtub. "No like," said our wild friend. A large aluminum pan was presented to our amphibian.

This time duckie made it emphatic. He churned and splashed and when he was through, Miss Hurst was sufficiently impressed.

"Look, duckie, are you with me or are you anti?"

"Quack! Quack! Quack!" replied duckie three times and in a most affirmative manner.



MISS HURST AND "ANITRA'S DANCE," HER PERSIAN CAT

Mr. Walt Disney's protege is safely ensconced where he will be perfectly happy and Miss Hurst does not care.

The mistress's favorite is Lummox II. If you catch Miss Hurst at a lecture or meet the novelist at tea, Lummox II will undoubtedly be there. And be very careful. Do not overlook one luminary for the light of another. The Yorkshire terrier is as removed from just plain mutt as high is from low and Lummox, preserve us, knows it. Nobody is going to get away with high-hatting him!

In appearance, like so many prodigies, Lummox is not prepossessing. To be entirely truthful, he is on the dwarfish side; but hold your snickers. The canine can rank with the best of them. He is one of the rarest Yorkshire terriers in the United States—a sport who will never weigh more than two pounds and who is a diminutive variation of the normal large dog, very much like a model streamline competes in every detail with its massive, big brother.

Here come sordid details. Appassionata or Appash, for short, is a married man; but maybe the pet, a true monkey, has ideas. One cannot deny that Anitra's Dance is very compelling; but must Appash's eyes wander? Let one as much as try to stroke milady's fur, and such a rage and solicitude will leap out of the tiny body (marmosets do not grow longer than ten inches) one can understand all that Shakespeare said Othello did.

Inasmuch as there seems to be no limit to the birds and beasts Miss Hurst will shelter in her domicile, lovers of animals have frequently made the inquiry as to how the novelist determines which she will keep and which ship off to zoos or friends. This is answered by Miss Hurst's enthusiasm test. If enthusiasm is shown and if a corner of her apartment is still untenanted, then you can mark down another member of the writer's ensemble.

What does Miss Hurst feel about her collection? Are her various pets a bulwark in her life?

The novelist will tell you that she cannot think of her pets except as something bound up with her private life, and in this light, they are kept out of her short stories and books and seldom publicly reviewed. To the writer, her cockatoos and finches, her cats, dogs, turtles and monkeys, represent a primitive Eden, which, because man is kept out of the equation and man does not affect it one way or another, this paradise remains inviolate.

Vagrant as Appash is and instinctive with mischief, he may cuddle up against the sleeping Anitra and there will be no repercussions. A linnet flies into Madame Marmoset's cage and madam is only bored, not necessarily provoked. Scottie, hugging the ground, collides with a feline counterpart, and there are no electrical discharges. One looks in vain for those polar cap, quick-freezing glances that are aimed to kill in New York's subway. Three bullfinches, so ripe they must surely cause even sated maws to salivate, find themselves viewed only with indifference by pussy, intent only upon an inner peace and its own bequest of somnolence.

So the novelist works on. Her typewriter keys fly and she pecks away for hours. Her heart and mind, the same that produced "Humoresque," "Back Street," "Lummox," to name but a few, pour out what people say, do, think. As she works her intimate friends wait. They know that when their mistress is through and words have been put down, much as they are puzzled by the whole business, there will be happy tidings for them and devotion unto the least.

"The greatest coward is he that treats with cruelty a helpless living thing."

Woodpeckers can locate insects hidden in wood by echo when they sound with their bills.



PERHAPS THE MOST GRACEFUL OF ALL OUR BIRDS ON WATER OR IN AIR

That Funny Fellow, the Swan

EDWIN PURVIANCE

UNGAINLY though they are on land, the swans are perhaps the most graceful of all our birds both on the water and in the air.

Newly hatched swans, called cygnets, are slate-gray in color, with ruffled feathers, slender necks, and short red bills. Adorable as these little fellows are, nevertheless it is hard to keep from laughing when watching them walk when they are about ten weeks old. Their bodies have grown so fast up to this period that their legs cannot support the weight. They can waddle a short distance to their food, then they sit down to eat!

In ten to eleven months the cygnets have reached maturity and are pure white with smooth, even feathers. These are the "Florida grown" swans as I have known them and studied them on Lake Lucerne in Orlando.

Swans are not unusually old at fifty years and one old-timer, as familiar to Orlando residents as any citizen, reached the age of 78. They do not make friends easily with human beings, yet they do grow to know individuals and they eventually become tame enough to take food from the hand.

A pair of white swans belonged to the late Charles Lord who lived on the shores of Lake Lucerne. Like few other birds the male took his turn sitting on the eggs while his mate went for a swim. After the eggs were hatched the entire family, as part of their daily constitutional, would swim to the farthest side of the lake. Mr. Lord then would give his familiar shrill whistle. The cygnets immediately would climb upon the mother's back and with the father soaring close by the family would fly back to the nest where food awaited them. As many as five cygnets at the same time have enjoyed rides on the back of the mother!

Seemingly devoted to the young ones, the father suddenly turns upon his family when they are several months old and literally drives them from the nest, and from that time on they must seek a nest of their own.

Arctic seals that live in frigid, ice-filled waters, have a body temperature of 104 degrees.

An ostrich never sticks its head in the sand but lies on the ground with its neck stretched out and its eyes open when it wants to hide.

If indeed thy heart were right, then would every creature be to thee a mirror of life, and a book of holy doctrine.

THOMAS A KEMPIS

Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals when making your will.

A Painter of Animals

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL

ON the sunny Island of Jersey there lives a man whose drawings and paintings of animals and birds have made him famous. His work has been exhibited at the Royal Academy, which in England is the highest honor which an artist can attain, yet William Armitage lives a life of the greatest simplicity, still studying, at an advanced age, his many friends, both feathered and four-footed, and setting down on paper or canvas his impressions of them in various moods.

Because the Island where he makes his home is famous for its cattle, he has made many studies of the tiny, fawn-like calves, of the placid cows and of great tawny bulls. In contrast to these are his hundreds of drawings of lions, tigers, wolves, foxes and other wild animals, many of them made at the Regent's Park Zoo, where he spends most of his spare time whenever he is in England. Horses and dogs form an important part of his collection, and pictures of birds fill every corner of his studio.

The secret of Mr. Armitage's success lies in his deep love for and understanding of all living creatures. Cats and dogs pose for him without any sign of restlessness. Birds seem to recognize him as a friend. This same quality of understanding has made him many close friends among the people whom he meets, for it is impossible for anyone to know him without feeling a deep affection for him.

His home, which is only a stone's throw from Mont Orgueil Castle, overlooks the blue waters of the little harbor known as Ann Port. From his back porch, where during most of the year he and his sister have their tea, there is a charming view of trees and flowers and miles of sandy beaches.

Cattle browse on the terraced slopes below him, and the many birds which find their homes on the Island sing from the high branches of near-by trees. It is a peaceful life.

To Mr. Armitage, the most important thing about portraying an animal is to achieve the same expression in the eyes as he finds in the original. If he is not successful in this he considers his work a failure and destroys it. That is perhaps why all his animal paintings are alive, looking at us with friendly interest.

During the first World War he turned out many posters for the British Government. One, in particular, entitled "The Glory of a Lion is His Mane," in which the lion's mane is made up of the names of the British Colonies, sold enough reproductions to enable him to turn over \$6,000 to War charities.

Any Americans who visit Jersey may be assured that if they walk down the cobbled street of Gorey Village and knock at the door of Mr. Armitage's studio they will be accorded a warm welcome and the great privilege of viewing his enormous collection of his own work. If they are fortunate, as I was, they may be invited to tea, and may fall under the spell of the painter's gentle personality.

Animals and birds in earthquake zones sense an approaching disturbance two and sometimes three days before it occurs.

The Master of the Famous Dog, "Wessex"

CORNELIA SILVERN

ON April 10 of the year 1910, the great Thomas Hardy wrote a letter to the secretary of the Humanitarian League, exclaiming:

"I am glad to think that the Humanitarian League has attained the handsome age of twenty years—the Animals' Defence Department particularly!"

He went on in the same letter to add the profound remark:

"Few people seem to perceive fully as yet that the most far-reaching consequence of the establishment of the common origin of all species, is ethical; that it logically involved a readjustment of altruistic morals by enlarging as a *necessity of rightness* the application of what has been called 'The Golden Rule' beyond the area of mere mankind to that of the whole animal kingdom."

Thomas Hardy was deeply sensitive to the sufferings inflicted upon animals through man's injustice, and had an intense longing to right this wrong. Although he disliked writing poetry to order, and rarely did it, when the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals requested him to write something to celebrate the centenary of the society's establishment, Hardy set himself to the task with genuine pleasure in working for so worthy a cause.

He could not bear to see the brow-beaten, ill-treated horses on the London streets,

and at one time jotted this entry about them into his notebook:

"What was it on the faces of those horses?—Resignation. Their eyes looked at me, haunted me. The absoluteness of their resignation was terrible. When afterwards I heard their tramp as I lay in bed, the ghosts of their eyes came in to me, saying, 'Where is your justice, O man and ruler?'"

On another occasion, while he was riding in an omnibus the greasy state of the street caused the poor horses to slip. The animals struggled and struggled but could not bring the omnibus up the hill. A man who was sitting next to Hardy exclaimed:

"It must take all heart and hope out of them! I shall get out." He did so. And Hardy writes of this incident:

"The whole remaining selfish twenty-five of us sat on. The horses despairingly got us up the hill at last. I ought to have taken off my hat to him and said: 'Sir, though I was not stirred by your humane impulse I will profit by your good example'; and have followed him. I should like to know that man!"

The sight of animals being driven to slaughter always caused Hardy the most intense pain, as he knew well what needless sufferings were inflicted on these poor beasts, packed densely into cars, unwatered and uncared for. He drew a pencil sketch once of the rows of trucks with animals' heads at every opening, looking out at the green countryside they were leaving for scenes of horror in the distant city. When he died he left a sum of money to each of two humane societies "to be applied so far as practicable to the investigation of the means by which animals are conveyed from their houses to the slaughter-houses with a view to the lessening of their sufferings in such transit."

Hardy's most cherished companion was his dog, "Wessex." Often the two would go for long walks, and when Hardy would rest on the stile, the dog would sit near him and survey the view as his master was doing.

Two days after Christmas, in 1926, Hardy wrote in his notebook:

"Our famous dog Wessex died at ½ past 6 in the evening, thirteen years of age."

The following evening he noted that Wessex was buried, and the night after that he made the following pitiful entry: "Wessex sleeps outside the house the first time for thirteen years."

The dog lies in a small grave in the shrubbery on the west side of Max Gate, where several other pets are buried. On the headstone is this inscription drawn up by Hardy, and carved from his design:

THE
FAMOUS DOG
WESSEX

AUGUST 1913 - 27 DEC. 1926
FAITHFUL. UNFLINCHING



Minnie Kendall Wiswall

AT the request of the Winchester Branch of the Women's Auxiliary of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, we are printing the picture of the late Minnie Kendall Wiswall. Among her last deeds of generosity and good will was a gift of \$500 for the continuance of humane work in Winchester. For years she had been among the most loyal members of the Auxiliary, making and filling attractive boxes of various articles which added much to the Auxiliary's Shelter Fund; also many surgical dressings for the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Someone said of her what was said of Evangeline: "And after she had passed it was like the ceasing of exquisite music."

One of the sweetest poems in the Thomas Hardy Collection is the poem on "Dead Wessex," in which the dog speaks to his master. Two of its verses are:

"Do you look for me at times,
Wistful ones?
Do you look for me at times
Strained and still?
Do you look for me at times,
When the hour for walking chimes,
On that grassy path that climbs
Up the hill?

"You may hear a jump or trot,
Wistful ones,
You may hear a jump or trot—
Mine, as 'twere—
You may hear a jump or trot
On the stair or path or plot;
But I shall cause it not,
Be not there."

Please remember the American Humane Education Society, Boston, in your will.



SIBERIAN HUSKIES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and fifty-seven new Bands of Mercy were organized during May. Of these, 332 were in Rhode Island, 62 in New York, 59 in Georgia, 44 in Texas, 24 in Massachusetts, 21 in Florida, 14 in Pennsylvania, and one in Nebraska.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 251,122.

Rare White-Tail Squirrel

C. S. BELSCHNER

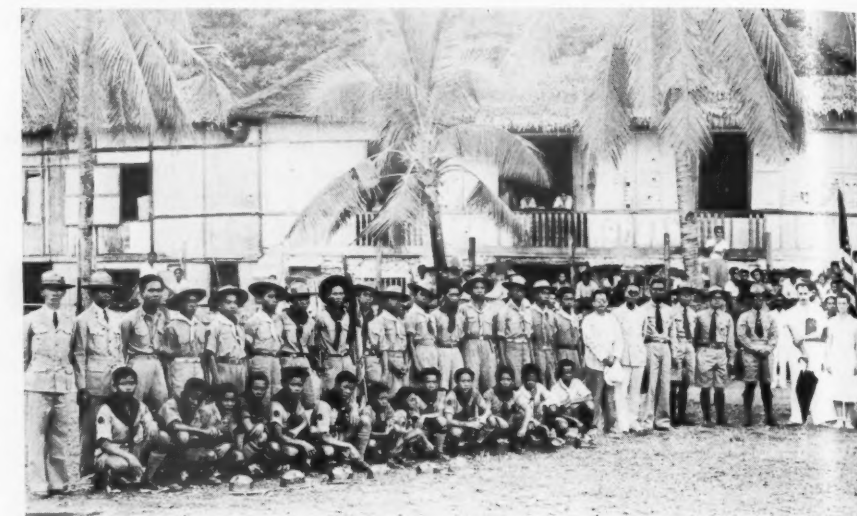
MANY kinds of squirrels lend animated fascination to the North American forests, but none equal in beauty and interest the rare Kaibab squirrel.

This unusual squirrel, distinguished for its gorgeous plume-like tail and conspicuous ear tufts, is found only in the Kaibab National Forest, along the north rim of the Grand Canyon, Arizona.

Few tourists to the north rim of the Grand Canyon have a chance to see this rare animal although there are plenty of them there. He is too elusive. But in the sunlight or in a breeze his white feathery tail often betrays his presence. His general color scheme is dark brownish gray blending into black around his muzzle, throat, and from his elbows down on his forepaws.



IT TOOK PATIENCE AND LOTS OF NUTS TO GET THIS CLOSE-UP OF THE RARE WHITE-TAIL



BOY SCOUT—BAND OF MERCY MEMBERS IN PHILIPPINE LEPER COLONY

He is not so bold or trusting as other squirrels in our forests. He is more cautious, sly, sometimes hiding for an hour or more among tufts of pine needles at the end of a limb. He has no taste for publicity.

Ordinarily he is awkward in walking, but he is a spry little speed demon when alarmed or in the mood to go places. He moves in a series of extremely graceful bounds with that showy white tail in a graceful curve.

The rangers in the park point out that the Kaibab squirrel is a clear-cut case of what isolation and climatic conditions can bring about in nature. This rare little animal is confined to an island-like plateau of spruce, pine and aspen forest about 70 miles long and 40 miles wide. He lives in a cold snowy area where winter comes early and stays late, hence his white tail and brown and black color scheme serve as a protection for preservation.

Visitors to the park desiring a glimpse—one would be extremely fortunate to get more than a glimpse—of this wonderful little denizen in his own home country, should hike some distance into the Kaibab Forest. There keep still and quiet and listen for a deep churring or chucking call. Sometimes there may be a barking note resembling that of a fox squirrel. Then watch for a light streaking movement in the leaves, a bound on a tree trunk with a flash of a curved white willowy flag, then a spring up—too fast for a picture.

Your Dog in Summer

Don't keep the dog tied up and exposed to the sun this hot weather. Dogs can endure cold better than heat. Too much heat makes them uneasy, nervous, cross and sick.

If a dog must be tied at least let it run on a chain that slips along an overhead wire from post to post or between buildings and so it can be in the shade. Let the dog have plenty of cool shade and water and it will be comfortable and good natured. Take good care of the dog or else don't keep one.

—Pueblo (Colorado) Indicator

Boy Scouts in Leper Colony Join Band of Mercy

WE told our readers about the extraordinary Band of Mercy organized in the Philippines, numbering over 1,500 and largely composed of grown men and women, by Mr. Irving Hart, American representative in all leper colonies of the National Boy Scout Council. This picture of Boy Scouts was taken during his recent visit to the Culion Leper Colony. There were about 500 lepers and 100 non-lepers present on this particular occasion.

Mr. Hart writes to us saying, "When I told them what you had written me and how you were pleased at their enrollment in the Band, and that you would gladly make a contribution of Band of Mercy buttons, they seemed very enthusiastic and very anxious to become members." He further says, "I am sure thousands of the lepers would be glad to sign the cards if no payment were asked in return, not only in Culion but in all of the other leper stations of which there are about seven."

This island, Culion, is the largest leper colony in the world, having 5,584 lepers and 1,289 non-lepers. There were present at one of the gatherings, about which Mr. Hart writes, Dr. and Mrs. John H. Hanks, formerly of Boston, Massachusetts, who are under contract with the Wood Memorial and the Rockefeller Institute for a period of two years, at least, among the lepers.

To All God's Creatures

The practice of kindness toward dumb creatures is a sign of development to the higher reaches of intelligence and sympathy. For in every place there are those who are giving of their time and thought and energy to the work of protecting from cruelty and needless sufferings the beasts of the field and streets. And you will invariably find that these people are amongst the most progressive and sympathetic and intelligent of a city's populace. These are the people who make the earth clean and sweet and more like what God intended it should be.

GEORGE LAUGHTON

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A School Pony

MURIEL GLENN HUTTON

"DOT" was a small mouse-colored saddle pony, with a black stripe from her mane to her tail, black tips to her ears, and one white foot. Out on the Western prairies she attended school for many years as regularly as any pupil. Attempts to harness her to a vehicle of any kind were futile—she knew her job, and declined to do anything else.



"DOT," A PONY WITH UNUSUAL PERSONALITY

She knew the four-mile route to school probably better than her successive riders, and treated them with the indulgence of an elderly nurse. The child might daydream, or become bored with the road, although they were likely to meet anything from a family of coyotes to a 20-ton oil truck, but Dot was always on the alert, and needed no urging to make her give way to any form of traffic. The main line transcontinental express usually reached the level crossing three miles from town at almost the same time as Dot and her rider, and the engineers soon got to know and watch for the wise little pony, and leaned out of the cab to wave as they went by.

Noonday lunch went with them, the youngsters' in a tin pail. Dot's in a small bag tied to the back of the saddle. Occasionally in the rush of early morning, the pony's grain was forgotten, but as soon as Dot realized that the bag was not there, she would turn back towards the farm, and refuse to proceed till the omission was rectified.

The knowing animal had her own sense of humor, and from much association with children, she was wise to them. One day, when the road was bordered with pools from melting snow, she walked into the water, stretched her neck for a drink, then, with a shake and a wriggle, dumped her small rider into the mud! "She just slid me off, and then turned and laughed at me," the bedraggled youngster complained when she reached home.

Dot had her own ideas about speed, too, and if she wanted to loiter, there wasn't much anyone could do about it. But

A Lad and His Dog

JANET R. HOWE

*Do you know what I mean, when I ask, little lad,
What kind friend is still yours, if you're good or you're bad?
It's that dog of your own, be he large, be he small,
But who feels to be near you is best, above all.*

*If you're young, and alone in your yard you must play,
It's your dog who stays close, and does not run away.
When you're older, and go for a swim, skate or slide,
It's your dog, thrilled companion, who's close by your side.*

*What you've given to him, has been often returned
With his love and his trust, which I hope you have earned.
Aren't you sorry, young lad, for the man who is grown
And who never has once had a dog of his own?*

when she heard the school bell, she knew it was time to "get a move on" and needed no urging then to make her hurry.

When the youngest of the family finally became too heavy for Dot's slender legs to carry, the pony was turned out into the pasture for a life of leisure. But she never really enjoyed it. When the wind was southerly, and the sound of the school bell came faintly over the miles of prairie, she would canter to the gate and look eagerly for someone to come and saddle her.

"Dumb animal" she may have been, but the memory of her unusual personality still is treasured by the children, now grown, whom she served so faithfully for many years.

Treasure-Hunting Dog

ED. BIBB

STRANGE as it seems, there is a black dog living at Mission San Jose, near San Antonio, Texas, that digs up and brings home real genuine one dollar bills—no other kind of bills or coins whatsoever, from a huge abandoned gravel pit near the Mission church. The secret treasure cache has never been discovered, although all the Mexicans around the Mission have trailed the dog on many occasions. The dog seems to sense her followers, and always manages to elude them.

"Dumpy," as her owner, Mrs. Milly Stesser Stiles, calls the treasure-finding dog, is coal black, two years old, and a cross between an Irish setter and a Doberman pinscher.

Dumpy started her collection as early as 1938, and up to date has brought home 407 good United States dollar bills.

This wonderful dog recently gave birth to seven puppies, and to associate the puppies with their illustrious mamma, Mrs. Stiles named them "Penny," "Nickel," "Dime," "Two Bits," "Four Bits," "Six Bits" and "Dollar."

Dumpy's treasure is used for the tuberculosis-ill children around the Mission, and has been the means of buying a fine Jersey cow giving twelve quarts of milk a day.

*"Give me a task to make me strong;
Help me to serve, to right a wrong.
Teach me to smile and spread good cheer,
To banish doubt or quench a tear."*

Fidelity

No bench-show ever had my dog,
He's not the proper sort,
For, like his tail, his pedigree
Is very much too short.

He could not trace his ancestry;
'Twas plain for all to see
That all his points were lacking
Except his love for me.

He'd laugh and dance about in joy
If I were gay and glad;
He'd lay his head upon my hand
In sympathy if sad.

He'd leave his food to follow me
Or stay, if "stay" I said,
Obeying every spoken wish
And even thoughts unsaid.

He dashed before a car as he
Ran out at my command;
To show me that no fault was mine
He tried to kiss my hand.

I raised his head, his dimming eyes
Beseeched me as in prayer.
"Go on ahead, old chap," I cried,
"Be waiting for me—THERE."

And when I reach the other shore
I'm sure that I shall see
A happy, little mongrel dog
Who waits to welcome me.

C. ANTOINETTE WOOD in "The World's Fair Anthology," 1939

Preserving Wild Life

The toll of wild life in the United States is put at 30,000,000 animals a year, says the *Christian Science Monitor*.

In three states, Michigan, New York, and Maine, the number of deer killed by cars in 1938 totaled more than 800 and in the latter state fourteen moose were recorded. Number one victim among the animals appears, strangely enough, to be the quick-moving cotton-tail rabbit whose zig-zag tactics in the face of danger work to its disadvantage. Among the birds the English sparrow is the most common victim.

A proposed educational program to make drivers "wild life conscious" and to instruct the public in this aspect of safe driving seems like the first logical step in reducing the needless slaughter of these helpless and useful creatures.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

THE BURGESS STORY MAGAZINE,
Thornton W. Burgess.

Everybody who reads at all knows of the famous bedtime stories of Thornton W. Burgess. Now Mr. Burgess has put 64 pages of these stories in magazine form, with a very attractive illustrated colored cover. Each story is illustrated with an original drawing by Harrison Cady. There is also a department called "Mother Nature's News," in which a variety of interesting information is found including anecdotes and the habits of birds and animals. The magazine is to be published monthly by the Burgess-Gates Company, Inc., 54 Beekman Street, New York City, and is to be found upon newsstands and in chain stores everywhere for ten cents per copy.

The Useful Downy

WILLIS MEHANNA

THE downy woodpecker is the smallest of the species but is both useful and harmless. He is an all-year resident of the northern part of the United States. He is intelligent enough to thrive and take care of himself at all times of the year. He feeds on the bug pests that infest the bark of trees and will tap the bark with his bill to frighten the insects and make them come out of hiding. He then devours them. Those that do not come out he digs in after and usually gets.

These birds dig a hole in a dead limb up a pretty good height and in it they make their nesting home. This home may be in the limb of a tree in the dooryard, in the deep timber or in the decayed limb of a lonely tree on the top of some hill in the pasture. Four small, white eggs are the common number and both birds take care of the family which is hardy and self-reliant. The strong wing and tail feathers of this bird are very beautiful. He is black, spotted and striped with white and has a white stripe down the back. The male has a scarlet band on back of head and the tail feathers are white, barred with black. His note is a sort of squeak and rattle. These birds are still plentiful.

For the Love of a Dog

OMAR R. HENDERSON

Denver, Colorado, has a kind mayor in Benjamin F. Stapleton, and Darrell Aragon, who also lives in Denver, thinks Mayor Stapleton has a heart as big as the city itself.

It all happened this way: Darrell, who is 14 years old, did not have a license for his dog, "Butch," and the dog catcher got it. Young Darrell knew that the mayor had a daughter, also 14 years of age, and he thought that perhaps she could talk "his own language." He called at the mayor's home and asked for Lois Jane. They had a heart to heart talk, Darrell explaining that he did not have money to buy a license, but that he would work the fee out. Miss Lois Jane also has a dog and she understood. Telling Darrell to wait a minute, she went back to the breakfast table and told her daddy of the poor boy's plight. In a minute she returned to the door all smiles and told young Darrell that his dog would not only be released, but that the dog catcher would take it home. Once the mayor was a boy and owned a dog, too.

At Age Sixty-Five

Our Life Annuities will pay you 6.5%—that is, \$65 annually for each multiple of \$1,000. Correspondingly higher rates for advancing ages up to 9%.

ADVANTAGES

It is no experiment,
There is no anxiety,
No fluctuations in rate of income,
No commissions,
No legal expenses,
No inheritance taxes,
Your gift will benefit the humane objects of the Societies,
No waste of your estate by a will contest.

* * * * *

Persons of comparatively small means may, by this arrangement, obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of unfortunate animals.

The management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, will be glad to furnish further details.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitled the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	1 00
Children's			\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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